

FROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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tion much more to my taste than the one I had been serving in. I had complete command of all the silver and valuables of the house.

and it was a satisfaction to look at all this wealth even though I had no right in any of it. The curious circumstance that I should ever be placed as a guard over so much treasure amused me and induced speculations in my mind about the uncertainties and inconsistencies of life. A man of my profession must of necessity be something of a philosopher. How else could he accept the continual risk of capture and conviction and silence all qualms of fear and conscience when engaged on delicate and dangerous jobs? There are ups and downs in every life, I suppose, but none more so than in that of the professional burglar.

The second day of my installation as butler in the house was marked by an interesting event. Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson both appeared at lunch. This meeting was not premeditated by my master. It was apparently

purely accidental. About noon the two visitors appeared at the house on horseback. My master did not see them at first. He was smoking in his dressing room when the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard, gravelly drive attracted his attention. I was passing through the room at the time, removing the remnants of a late breakfast.

"Who's that coming. William?" be asked. I was near the window and, looking

out, replied: "Miss Stetson, sir, and I think the man they call Dr. Squires. I've never met him, but from what John said I

judge it is"-A sudden exclamation from my mas ter interrupted me, and I turned in time to see his face deathly pale. He

recovered himself immediately, how-"Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson, you say?"

"Yes, sir." Then with admirable composure and with great tact he said:

"Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you, Wil-Mam, that they were coming here to lunch today. Have a good lunch for them at 2.'

Then he hurriedly changed his coat and appeared in the courtyard in time to greet the guests. Through the open doors I could hear their voices

"How do you do, Charles? Ready for early visitors? I didn't believe you were up vet?"

It was the loud, gruff voice of the doctor. Then a feminine voice said apologetically, I thought:

"Good morning, Charles! I was out riding this morning with my man, and we met Dr. Squires. He insisted that we should come around here. So I consented provided he would promise

to make you go off for a ride with us." "Yes, that was the agreement, and to ready and go."

"Well, I hadn't thought of going out this morning, but I will accompany you if you will both agree to come back here and take lunch."

"That's the man of business," laughed the doctor. "He exacts a fee for everything he gives. He won't even ride with us, Miss Belle, unless we swear to return and lunch with him. Well, as for my part I agree to it, for Charles always tempts me with his

good lunches." I could not hear the replies as they moved into the parlor, but I knew enough to convince me that my master was very sensitive about his jealousy of the doctor, and that not even to me would be admit it.

A few minutes later I saw them going off together, Miss Stetson riding a fine roan, with the doctor mounted



"Good morning, Charles."

on a fiery, coal black steed on her right and my master on her left with his fire white Arabian mare. It was a spectacular sight to watch them, knowing as I did something of their lives. I wondered which she would select in the end-the black or the white?

Promptly at 2 they returned, a little fatigued by the ride, but jovial and in excellent spirits.

. When the doctor came into the dining room, I scrutinized him carefully. He give me no particular notice, and this left me to myself to examine him. My distant view through the fieldglasses had been pretty correct, but on closer examination he revealed the most distinct features of his face-his coal black, brilliant and restless eyes. These eyes never laughed, not even when he was convulsed with merriment. They were always cold, penetrating and, as I thought, sardonic. They seemed to repel and fascinate at once. They easily dominated everything that came and I answered it accordingly: under their sway.

: He was talkative and lively to a de-FOUND my new post- gree, forming the life- of the party, but the eyes that so attracted seldom took

notice of me. An uncontrollable desire to have them centered on me for an instant to fathom their meaning seized me. To accomplish this I spilled some of the salad dressing on his coat sleeve, He turned a wrathful look at me, and I had one long, steady gaze into those eyes. So intent was I that I forgot to be confused at my mishap. The incident occupied only a minute, but in that short space I had read the char-

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve to the floor.

My master looked annoyed and quickly apologized. "He is a new man, doctor, and you

acter of the man.

must overlook this accident." The conversation flowed on freely after that, and the mishap was soon forgotten.

When the wine and cigars were brought, they retired to an open balcony just off the dining room. Through the open window I could still hear their talk. Most of it was of little consequence to me, but finally the words of the doctor made me prick up my ears.

"By the way, Charles, you spoke of a friend of yours having a couple of Dane hounds for sale. Can I secure them for a nominal price?"

"Yes, I can get them and make you a present of them. But why do you want two more? You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw." "No, I haven't any."

"Haven't any?" ejaculated both my master and Miss Stetson. "No; they are both dead," replied the

doctor slowly. "Why, how is that? What killed

"They simply died. My man overfed them, I imagine, and they both died yesterday of convulsions." "How strange!"

"No, not strange at all. I told my man that he would kill them if he fed them too freely while they got no exercise."

"You don't think be poisoned them?" asked Miss Stetson.

"No, certainly not. I attended them when they were sick and cut open their bodies afterward. There was no sign of poison in their stomachs."

Then he made arrangements with my master to secure the two hounds from his friend.

I did not listen to the descriptions of the new hounds or to the terms of the agreement. My mind was more coucerned about the doctor's reason for concealing the attempted robbery of that his dumbness was merely pretendhis house. Why did he lie about the ed. But there is no way to make a death of the two Danes and why did man speak if he doesn't want to, or at he not report the facts of the case to least not under ordinary circumstances. the police? These were questions that in a civilized country. I could not dismiss from my mind, al-

Squires to hush up anything like a sensation. It would only attract people make my word good you must get to his workshop, which he wanted to keep quiet and exclusive.

CHAPTER VIII.



HE visits of Dr. Squires at my master's house purpose, but this did face. not by any means ar-

that Mr. Goddard had almost daily meetings with the doctor in his office in?" to a course of treatment for the mysterious disease that had been inherited from past generations. Curiosity to know what this complaint was and what Dr. Squires was prescribing for its cure possessed me, and (like my other fits of inquisitiveness) I determined to satisfy it upon the first possible occasion.

About a week after the occurrence just related I was called into my master's room. He had not yet risen from his bed, and I knew by the pallor of his face that he was not as well as usual.

"William, I want you to take a note for me around to Dr. Squires, I cannot keep my appointment with him this morning."

"Yes, sir," I said, waiting for him to give me further instructions. He closed his eyes for a moment as

if wincing from some secret pain. "I do not feel like writing," he said a moment later. "You can take a verbal message, William, can't you?" "Certainly. I will repeat it word for

word." "Well, I believe you are to be trusted. I have taken a great fancy to you. My other man I never felt that I could trust, and, if he had been honest, he was always so stupid that he would get everything mixed up. But I think you are gifted with more than ordi-

nary intelligence." I simply bowed my-head and made

no comment. "And as modest as intelligent," he added, with a faint sign of a smile. "Some day maybe you can help me in a higher way than at present."

"I should be delighted to do anything for you, sir," I answered sincerely. "You will find me faithful enough to trust with anything-secrets or anything."

He looked long and inquisitively at me and then said, with the most imperturbable smile on his face:

"Do you know that I sometimes fancy I've seen your face somewhere before-that is, before you came into my employment."

I knew that this was a test question,

"Probably. We often meet faces by

chance in the world and forget them until reminded of them by some later incident."

"Yes, true. You're quite a philosopher, too, William." "Enough to accept life as it comes

without a demur." I answered. "Well, that is more than I can do sometimes. But to return to business. You know that I have appointments with Dr. Squires nearly every day. Well, this is one of the mornings, and I do not feel energetic enough to keep it. Go and tell him that I cannot come before tomorrow. If he sends any answer back, remember it and tell me.

That's all." He dropped his head back upon the pillows and closed his eyes. I withdrew as quietly as I could.

I took one of the horses from the stable which John said needed exercise, and I cantered slowly down the road toward the doctor's house. As I approached it I looked with interest at various objects that had become indelibly impressed upon my memory from the experience of that eventful night when I attempted to enter the house. I had by no means given up all idea of exploring the interior of the haunted house, but was merely postponing the second trial for a more opportune time. Meanwhile everything about the premises assumed some special importance

I wished very much to see the interior of the house in the daytime, and I determined to force an entrance at all hazards in delivering my message to the doctor. I feared the doctor would come outside on the plazza or that his servant might insist upon taking the message in to the doctor. To avoid this, if possible, I stopped some distance from the place, hitched my horse to a tree and approached the house on foot, keeping well in the shadow of trees and shrubberies to prevent anybody seeing me.

I succeeded so well in this ruse that I reached the piazza without being discovered. The bell, which I rang, echoed throughout the gloomy interior of the house so discordantly that it made one think of ghosts and departed spirits. I seemed to hear the scurry of footsteps, as if the bell had given the alarm to innumerable rats and mice, but a moment later I was satisfied that the noise was made by human feet.

The doctor's servant-a dark, dried up specimen of a mummy from Indiaglided toward the door, making the scuffling goise with his sandals. The man's eyes were small and beadlike, and his arms and fingers were long and bony, but they were nevertheless strong and active. He shuffled toward the door with an anxious look on his face. He was evidently disturbed by the thought that somebody had approached the house without attracting his attention.

He refused to open the door more guttural sound as if trying to ask my errand.

"I have a message for Dr. Squires," I said. He stuck out a long, bony hand as if

had. At least he could hear and was topped by the necessary articles of a familiar with the English language. I modern practicing physician. also believe that he could speak and

"It is not a letter," I added as he though I tried to be convinced that it | held out his hand for some time, "I was natural for such a man as Dr. have a message to deliver a verbal message."

He shook his head and withdrew his "Let me in, and tell the doctor I

want to see him." Again he shook his head and made

an inarticulate guttural sound. I was getting impatient at the delay and the man's stubbornness. Placing were not as frequent a foot in the crack of the door, I held as I could wish for my it so that he could not slam it in my

"I tell you I have a message from gue that they did not Mr. Goddard, and I must see the docmeet often. On the contrary, I found tor," I said in decided tones. "Will you let me in or must I force myself

and that the latter was subjecting him I could see that the man was in a quandary. He wanted me to stand outside while he went and told the floctor, but I had no intention of retiring. He motioned for me to remove my foot, but I answered him blandly:

"Not until I see Dr. Squires. You may as well go first as last and tell him that Mr. Goddard has sent a messenger to see him."

Gradually the wrathful, beady eyes shifted from me to a seat in the hall. He was evidently deliberating upon the best step to take, and I could see the line of his reasoning.

"Let me stand in the hall until you go and call him," I said, "or I will take that seat there and wait." This time my proposition was ac-

cepted. The man shook his head affirmatively, pointed to the chair and then cautiously opened the door. I stepped in and made a move to take the seat, but I had no intention of staying in the hall after once gaining an entrance. When the man turned his back upon me, I quietly followed him to the doctor's office. He made some signs to somebody in the room, and I heard the gruff words of the doctor

"Who is it that Charles has sent?" I stepped to the doorway and replied: "I'm his butler, but this copper coiored servant of yours refused to admit me. I had to force myself in."

The servant started around as if to clutch me by the throat, and the doctor smothered an exchamation that sounded very much like an oath. "What business have you to force

yourself into anybody's house?" he demanded in a rough voice. "None whatever except that I had a message for you, and this Indian wouldn't let me in," I answered quick-

"Well, it's his business to keep strangers out. Those are my instructions." "Then he was right, and I was wrong," I said, "and if that's the case I'll withdraw?"

I turned my back on the two and started for the door, but the words of the doctor called me back. He had Goddard while pretending to help him perfectly recovered himself and real- to ward off an inherited disease. ized that he was making too much This accounted for the peculiar lan

"Come, come, don't get bully." be said pleasantly. "Your audden entrance annoyed me, that's all. What is the

message that your master sends?" He looked at me through a pair of eyeglasses, his dark, searching oyes taking in every part of me, and for the first time in my life I felt uncom-

fortable under close scrutiny. "Let me see. You are the man who spilled the salad dressing over me. aren't you?"

He laughed heartily, as if the incident amused him. "Well, well, this is the second time



"What business have you to force your-self into anybody's house!" finally. "Look out for the third time.

I might not let you off so easily." I made the delivery of the message as long as possible, for while he was studying me to no particular purpose I was critically examining everything for a definite end.

When I finally left, I had a pretty clear impression of most of the articles in the room. It was decorated and furnished in true oriental style. Skins and rugs were scattered over the floor: teakwood cabinets and desks, loaded down with miniature elephants of the same wood, were standing in corners and in the middle of the office; sandalwood ornaments, peacock feathers made into exquisite fans, Bagdad curtains and couches, Benares bronzes and spears and shields were placed in various nooks and corners to give the effect of an eastern scene. A red glow from a lamp suspended from the center of the ceiling must have added greatly to the prettiness of the room at nighttime.

But in the midst of the oriental furniture and bric-a-brac were many modern articles, which gave an incongruous effect to the room. Grinning skulls stood alongside of disentembed Egypthan a foot and stood there making a tian mummies; a stethoscope was lying next to a spear head that must have been wielded by some Indian prince of long ago; medical books and implements were plled promiscuously upon hand carved tabourets of wonderful to take the letter which he supposed I a typical oriental scene, overlaid and workmanship. In short, the room was

The whole effect was interesting from one point of view, but for me there was little that I cared about, I could discover nothing that would give me a clew to the doctor's neysterious work. Furthermore, I could not under stand why so much care should be exercised in keeping intruders out or why the servant was so insistent that I should not enter his master's office. But my failure to make any discovery | The doctor was too shrewd for me, and intensified rather than lessened my desire to fathom the mystery which Dr. Squires had chosen to surround himself with, and as I rode homeward my mind was busy planning some way of circumventing him and his oriental slave.

CHAPTER IX.



HE indisposition of Mr. Goddard was of short duration, but the attacks became more frequent after my first visit to Dr.

Squires, and I was occasionally called upon to carry notes for him which announced the breaking order necessary for success in my line of engagements. There was nothing serious about his complaint except that he appeared weak and languid and unable or unwilling to attend to his social duties. He would spend the day at such times resting on the bed or couch either smoking gloomily or closing his eyes in a moody, dejected manner. He would lie in this way for hours without moving a muscle, but he was not asleep. The slightest noise would arouse him. He would merely open his eyes and ask, "What's the matter, William?" Then without even waiting for my reply he would close them wearily and relapse into his for-

mer languid condition. By this time I was considerably at tached to him, and it gave me as much anxiety as a relative to see him slowly going into a decline. The dread of the inherited disease intensified my feelings for the man. I had no faith in Dr. Squires, but I could offer no good substitute.

Left to myself a great deal, I took to reading the books which I found in Mr. Goddard's study. Many of these were medical treatises. Evidently the man had tried to make a study of his complaint and had collected all the literature possible upon the subject. These books were handsomely bound and copiously illustrated, but they were too technical for my limited understanding. Nevertheless I frequently found myself turning ever their leaves and aimlessly reading para-

graphs here and there. One day I was engaged in this idle amusement when I happened to open the book at a chapter headed, "Poisons and Their Administration." I had not read many lines before I suddenly closed the book with a bang. An idea had occurred to me that fainly startled me. I was instantly positive that I had at last a olew to the sickness of my master and possibly the meason for Dr. Squires' mystery.

The doctor was slowly potsoning Mr.

fuss with a servant over a trivial mat- guid condition of my master aftertain

intervals. After every dose of the insidious poison he was made weak and listless. Each attack helped to break down his naturally rugged constitun. It was merely a question of time before he would succumb to the poison instead of to any mythical disease.

Confronted by this thought, I was uncertain for a time just what to do. My first impulse was to go to my master and tell bim my suspicions so he could be placed on his guard, but as my life has never been guided by impulse I soon dismissed this from mind.

Besides, I had nothing but my suspicions to reveal-not a single fact to prove anything. It was my duty to collect facts and then to confront the doctor with them and have him arrested. If he was determined to put my master out of the way and gain the hand and fortune of Miss Stetson. I was equally determined to thwart him in his little game. The stakes were high for him, and I knew that he would play a cunning, skillful hand, but as he would suspect no danger from me I had the advantage of working secretly and without much fear of discovery.

A professional burglar has a little of the detective spirit in him, and I soon found myself enjoying the scent with all the keenness of an experienced officer of the law. I had hunted detectives before, dogged their tracks, penetrated their disguises and followed up little clews that they left behind in their work, but all in the interest of erime. Now, however, I had turned reformer and was legitimately pursuing a criminal whose evil genius had been directed toward the destruction of one whom I had learned to like. It was no ordinary man that I had to fight against, and this gave more zest to my undertaking.

I discovered that my master had a night appointment with Dr. Squires about once a week. These appointments were irregular. Sometimes they were early in the week and, again, in the middle or the end. Evidently the doctor told him each time when to come again.

Upon reflection I was satisfied that there was a strange coincidence between these weekly night calls and my master's periodical attacks of languor and sickness. Almost every time after he had met the doctor at night he had been in bed a good part of the following day. This convinced me that the poison was administered at the doctor's office and was not intrusted to his patient.

This conclusion was reached one day when I was considerably dejected. I had been working up the case for nearly a week, and everything seemed to point to the fact that I had made a mistake in my reasoning. I could discover nothing to corroborate my suspicions. On that very day I had managed to secure the medicines my master was in the habit of taking, and, carrying them with me to the city. I had them analyzed by an expert chem-

I was so confident that poison was contained in some of them that I was greatly surprised and perturbed when he told me that they were composed of harmless herbs and oils.

"You mean to say there is no poison in any of them?" I asked in astonishment.

"None whatever," he replied, I did not believe he understood his business and probably said as much. I took them to another chemist and spent \$5 more just to have a correct analysis made. The same conclusion from this man convinced me that I was

mistaken. I walked home, dejected and baffled. he had scored the first victory.

Nevertheless I was not discouraged. I reasoned with sense that the man would not adopt ordinary methods to poison my master. He was too shrewd for that. Then I thought of hypodermic injections, which might be administered while in his office.

It was while speculating upon the possible methods of giving him poison that I reached the conclusion that my master's night visits to the doctor's accounted for everything. It was at these meetings that the harm was done. I would be present at the next meeting or I would relinquish all claim to the possession of abilities of a certain of work.

CHAPTER X.



UT in the meantime by mere accident, I discovered the secret of my master's fatal Illness. It happened in this wise:

One afternoon when I was free for a few hours I strolled down the road toward Dr. Squires' house, habit generally drawing my footsteps in that direction. I was intent upon no particular purpose. I was merely walking along for the change. I frequently like to get off by mayself and lie down in the woods or on the green grass and think. I am a great lover of nature. The birds and grass and flowers always appeal to me.

When alone in the woods, I will watch the birds by the hour, finding more enjoyment therein than in the company of man, or an army of busy ants will amuse me fer half a day. would not hurt one of these insects for anything or permit them to be disturbed in their work, and yet I have raised my hand against my fellow creatures, partly in self defense, it is true, to wound them or to take their lives if necessary.

On this particular afternoon I walked down the country highway for some distance, and then, attracted by the song of a wood thrush, I concealed myself in a thick clump of bushes and listened. The bird could not see me, and for a long time I lay there with my eyes half closed listening to the sweet music of the dainty singer. I do not know how long I semained there entranced by this private concert, but suddenly the bird hushed its song

and flew away.

The noise that had frightened her came from the hoors of two horses, which were cantering down the road at a rapid pace. I peered through the leaves of the bushes at the riders, and instantly all my gentle thoughts fied The spell of the bird was no longer upon me. All my evil, crafty nature returned. The approaching riders were

Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson.

Not a dezen paces from me a small stream bubbled up from an underground spring, and it was quite cus tomary for riders to give their horses a drink at this place. A wooden trough had been sank into the ground to receive the water and to form a drinking

vessel for the beasts. I was consequently not surprised when the two drew up their horses just in front of me and led them to the spring. The doctor dismounted and held the horses while they drank in the cooling draft. The two had been engaged in conversation, and I judges that she had been trying to extract his secret from him.

"I do not consider it an honor to keep your work so secret until you have completed your discovery," she was saying. "Then all the world will know it, and there is no special inter est in it for me."

"But I have promised to tell it to you before any one else hears of it." the doctor answered.

"How long before-one day or one hour?" There was a look of annoyance in his face at her reply.

"Any number of days beforehand you wish," he answered. "Well, then, I wish to hear it now,"

she replied quickly, a bright smile re

enforcing her words. "Woman's impatience," he muttered. "It has caused half the trouble in the world."

"That is unkind. I don't like such reflections upon my sex." "Nothing personal was intended, Miss Belle. I was merely uttering my reflections aloud."

"Well, please don't do so any more." The doctor watched the horses drinking for a few moments and then leaning against the saddle of his black steed, he said:

"Can you keep the secret if I divulge it to you?"

"Can I? I don't think that question is necessary." "No, probably not. But I want your promise that you will never reveal it

to anybody," he persisted.

"Well, you have it. I will never men tion it until you give me permission." "All right, then. I will tell you all. When I was a young man, I went to India as a surgeon in the English army. There I met so many lepers that my attention was called particularly to this disease. At first they disgusted and alarmed me. Their rotting fingers and toe joints, their running sores and their emaciated bodies were so loathsome that I could hardly stay in their presence, but in time I got used to them, as we do to everything. I even found myself pitying them and won dering if something couldn't be done to alleviate their sufferings and even to cure and stamp out the horrible disease. This was the beginning of a career that. I have studiously pursued ever since. I spent all my time in studying leprosy in its worst forms. I determined to find some remedy for it. I was limited in funds, but managed to get along by living near them. I could not exist in the same house with them. The thought of it nearly stifled me. But I could live near them and help them and in time perfect my

discovery. "My secret is already out, Miss Belle," he added after a pause. "I am devoting my time and life to the discovery of a positive cure for leprosy, that most dreaded of all diseases that ever scourged a wicked world. I am on the right track. In fact, I have about perfected it, so that I will be ready to announce the results to the world in a year. There is only one thing that bothers me. I am experimenting with this continually."

"Experimenting with whom?" The words were so hollow and unnatural that I turned my eyes from the doctor's face to that of Miss Stetson. I was startled at the sight. Her face was livid-paler than that of any corpse. A look of horror shone from

"Whom are you experimenting with, Dr. Squires?" she repeated in the same strange voice.

"With-why-my dear Miss Belle,

have I divulged any family secret?"

stammered the doctor. "Did you not know? I thought your father knew that you knew that"-"That Charles had leprosy in his system-that he was a leper?" she said

slowly. "Your father knew it; his father knew it; Charles knew it when he met me. I understood that both families made no secret of it among them-

selves." "No, I never knew what the disease was. Father never told me. Oh. can

it be possible!" She swayed in her saddle, and if the doctor had not caught her she would have fallen to the ground. I could hardly contain myself. The news nearly made me desperate. This accounted for everything. I was all wrong in my conclusions. The doctor was, after all, a good man, holding the secret of my master's life in his possession and trying hard to help him.

"You must let me give you some water, Miss Belle," the doctor said as he steadied her in the saddle, "Dismount a moment, and let me bathe your forehead."

"No, thank you, docter. I will be all right in a moment. The suddenness of the news startled me." "I know it, I know it, and I was a brute to tell you. I should have been

more thoughtful. I shall never forgive

myself. But, Miss Belle, believe me, 1

thought you knew it all. He should have told you." "No, no; I am glad he didn't. How could I have been the same to him? How can I in the future?"

with her hands. "Don't go on so, my dear Miss Belle," the doctor said in a low, winning voice. "There is hope for Charles yet. You

She shuddered and covered her face

forget that I am close upon the greatest discovery of the age. If it succeeds, Charles will be a new man, free from all taint of leprosy." "But you could not eradicate the germs of the disease from his body

they might not show themselves him, but in future generations they would come cut." "We can only hope for the best," he

nay not accomplish? It has done won ders in the world already, and there are new worlds that it is conquering every day. We must look forward hopofully for results that it would be

daring to predict now." His words were intended to be en couraging, but she did not raise her From the slight shuddering of her delicate body I knew that she was-

sobblug. "Do not yield to this weakness, Mise



The two had been engaged in conversa-

belle," he added a moment later. tell you I will cure Charles. I can do it, and I will do it. If not for his sake, will do it for yours."

A faint smile was visible through her tears as she looked at him and answered slowly: "You are good, doctor, to sacrifice so

him by all means for his sake, not for mine. I could-no, I could never marry him: I would be afraid." Again she covered her face and sob-

bed. "Not if I cured him entirely?" be asked in a voice that had a curious tension to it. "Not if I assured you positively that the disease would never show itself while either of you lived?" "No, no; I could not. It would be a:

sin, a crime. And ret I loved him so-I loved him, loved him!" There was an awkward silence. The tears stood in my own eyes, but those of the doctor were dry and exultant. The confession, I knew, pleased him. These words from her lips would give him the clear field. He could honorably try to win her love. With Charles no longer a possible rival, what was there to prevent him from winning a

beautiful bride and a princely fortune? A few moments later they gathered up their reins and rode away. She was pale and beautiful; he was strong and robust-and exultant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Logleal.

Bridget-Oi can't stay, ma'am, on-

ess ve give me more wages. Mrs. Hiram Often-What! why, you don't know how to cook or do housework at all Bridget-That's jist it, ma'am, an'

not knowin' how, sure the wurk is all

the harder for me, ma'am .- Philadelphia Press. Madeline—He doesn't pay the slight est attention to his wife's wishes.

Edna-But she doesn't mind. She does just as she pleases. Madeline-Even so, you can't tell me that any woman would be satisfed with such an arrangement as that .- Brook-

lyn Life. A Natural Qualification. "What is your city noted for?" "Well, we have the tallest building in the country, the cleanest streets of any city in the world, the best street car service, the most-" "Oh, yes! But what have you that

Topics. No Amateurs. Summer Hotel Doctor - I hope there will be no mistakes in administering these medicines. Servant-Have no fear, doctor. I

am a professional nurse, and madam-

the other cities haven't got?"-Town.

is a professional invalid .- N. Y. Weekly. A Favored Excention he little busy bee goes forth In exultation just. He gathers sweets for all he's worth And fears no sugar tust. —Washington Star.



"Did you get any tips on the races this year?' "Yes, I got one from the boss this morning.

"What was it?" "He said he'd fire me if he ever heard that I played them."-Chicago American.

This strange, eternal, cruel fact Will stick when all of us are still-There's always one fly left in the room. No matter how many you kill.

Good Reason. Wife-Well, the cook has gone, and it's your fault. Husband-Minet Why? "She said you didn't treat her says

Sun. It Will Sheink, Customer-But this suit is three times too big.

better than you treated me."-N. X.

Eichenstein-Oh, but mine Treat fhust weit 'til id rains,-Ohio State replied. "Who can tell what medicine Journal.

much for either or both of us. Cure